# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

## DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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## The Principles of Nature.

### SPIRITUALISM IN THE LIFE OF JOHN MURRAY.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

I have often thought that the members of the various religious sects might be induced to essentially mollify their opposition to Spiritualism, if their attention could be properly called to the teachings and experience of certain great and good men in their respective denominations, who have, in their own ways, emphatically recognized the essential doctrine for which Spiritualists contend. As an appeal *ad verecundiam*, to the members of at least *one* religious denomination, I submit to you the following, to me, most interesting passage from the life of that earnest, pious, and self-sacrificing man, the REV. JOHN MURRAY. I hope that you may deem it proper to republish the extract in the columns of the TELEGRAPH, and that your readers will take special pains to press upon the attention of their Universalist neighbors the comparison of the remarkable incidents that occurred between Murray and Potter, and multitudes of current facts and phenomena which in part, form the basis of Modern Spiritualism.

By a series of calamities, the most severe of which was the death of his wife and child, Murray was reduced to a state of extreme mental depression, and resolved to retire from the world and seek solitude in the then wilds of America. Taking a last and affecting leave of his mother, he embarked upon a vessel bound to New York, on the 21st of July, 1770. The portion of his autobiography to which I would invite particular attention describes his approach to, and arrival upon, the American coast, and the events which immediately ensued, and is as follows:—

A RETIRED UNIVERSALIST CLERGYMAN.

We were, as it was supposed, within three days sail of New York, when we met a vessel, bound for England. Our merchant questioned the captain respecting the state of public affairs in America. The Americans had, some time before, entered into a non-importation agreement, and our merchant was anxious, on account of the goods he had on board. The captain assured him they had given up the agreement in Philadelphia, but that they zealously adhered to it in New York. Our captain, therefore, received immediate orders to change the course of the vessel for Philadelphia; but when we had got near enough to this harbor to take a pilot, the pilot informed us the reverse of the information we had received was the truth; upon which the merchant determined to go as far as the city, there obtain a certainty, and if so, to proceed to New York, with all possible despatch. We were a considerable time passing up the Delaware, and, upon a fine day, while we lay at anchor, the merchant proposed going on shore for the purpose of obtaining corn and fruit.

It was in the month of September when we arrived in the Delaware; the country, upon the banks of this fine river, exhibits a most enchanting appearance, especially to those who had been for many weeks out of sight of land, and had never seen those shores before. As we drew near the land, the woods, seeming to grow out of the water, had to me a very uncommon appearance; but everything in this country was uncommon. We went on shore, and ascended a gentle acclivity, when, entering into a small log-house, I was astonished to see a woman preparing some excellent wild ducks for dinner; live in a log-house, and feed upon ducks! We passed into her garden, where, amid its rich variety, my attention was arrested by a large peach-tree, loaded with the best fruit, bending to the earth! I was beyond expression, charmed and delighted, and my heart beat with grateful affection to the universal Parent, for giving the inhabitants of the new world thus liberally to enjoy. When we reached Philadelphia, I was amazed to behold a city of such magnitude, in a country which I had considered as a wilderness. The captain supposed it a disappointment to me, that we had not put into New York, as that was the place of my destination; I requested him to make himself easy, as it was a matter of perfect indifference to me upon what part of the country I landed; and, if he could procure me a *private* lodging, I would go on shore in this city. This he told me he would do, but this he could not do, at least in the circle of his connexions. He then proposed my going, by land, to New York. This, also, I was willing to do, if he would let me know how. He would send and take me a place in the stage. The stage had been gone some time. He then proposed I should tarry in the vessel, and set out with him the next morning for New York, to which arrangement I agreed. The other passengers left us in Philadelphia. The water was smooth, and our passage pleasant, until we were, as was supposed, near Sandy-Hook; a dense fog then arose, which was sufficiently thick to prevent our seeing the end of our bowsprit. A sloop had past us, and we inquired how far we were from Sandy-Hook? The answer was *seventy* miles, but we understood *seven*, and we passed on, and in a few moments were in the midst of the breakers; the vessel struck upon the bar, but passed over, into a place as Shrewsbury learned was called Cranberry Inlet. The fog now dispersed, and we discovered we were nearly on shore; our anchor, however, saved us; but we were greatly alarmed, and knew not expected to get off again. The sloop with which we had spoken, entered this inlet before us, and was light. The captain proposed to engage this sloop to receive on board as much of our cargo as she could contain; thus, by lightening his vessel, to give himself the only probable chance of getting off. This was effected, and night coming on, the captain, with many apologies, requested me to lodge on board the sloop, inasmuch as there were many valuable articles, which he was afraid to trust, without a confidential person. To this I readily consented, and, taking my Bible and my purse, I went on board the sloop. The plan of the captain was, supposing the morning should present no prospect of getting off, to deposit the remainder of his cargo upon the beach; but, if they should get off, we were immediately to follow; the goods were to be replaced, and the sloop dismissed. I went not to bed, and when the morning dawned, just at high water, the wind blowing from the shore, they got off, making a signal for us to follow, and with all possible dispatch we prepared to obey, but the wind instantly shifting, drove us back, and they proceeded on to New York, leaving us in the bay.

It proved upon examination, we had no provisions on board; we were, therefore, necessitated to lock up the vessel and go on shore in search of sustenance. It was the after part of the day before we could effectuate our purpose, when I went with the boatmen to a tavern, and leaving them there, pursued a solitary walk through the woods, which seemed to surround this place. My mind was greatly agitated; I was now in the new world, and in just such a part of this new world as had appeared so desirable in prospect. Here I was as much alone as I could wish, and my heart exclaimed: "*O, that I had in this wilderness, the lodging-place of a poor way-faring man; some cave, some grot, some place where I might finish my days in calm repose.*" As thus I passed alone, thus contemplating, thus supplicating, I unexpectedly reached a small log-house, and saw a girl cleaning a fresh fish; I requested she would sell it to me?

"No, sir, you will find a very great plenty at the next house; we want this."

"The next house, what, this?" pointing to one in the woods.

"O no, sir, that is a meeting-house."

A meeting-house here in these woods? I was exceedingly surprised. "You must pass the meeting-house, sir; and a little way farther on, you will see the other house, where you will find fish enough." I went forward, I came to the door; there was indeed a large pile of fish of various sorts, and at a little distance stood a tall man, rough in appearance and evidently advanced in years: "Pray, sir, will you have the goodness to sell me one of those fish?"

"No, sir." "That is strange, when you have so many, to refuse me a single fish!"

"I did not refuse you a fish, sir; you are welcome to as many as you please, but I do not sell this article; I do not sell fish, sir; I have them for taking up, and you may obtain them the same way." I thanked him. "But," said he, "what do you want of those fish?"

I informed him that the mariners who belonged to the sloop at a distance, were at a tavern, and would be glad if I could procure them something for supper.

"Well, sir, I will send my man over with the fish; but you can tarry here, and have some dressed for yourself."

"No, sir, it is proper I should see how they are accommodated."

"Well, sir, you shall do as you please; but, after supper, I beg you would return and take a bed with us; you will be better pleased here than in a tavern."

I gratefully thanked him, and cheerfully accepted his offer. I was astonished to see so much genuine politeness and urbanity, under so rough a form; but my astonishment was greatly increased on my return. His room was prepared, his fire bright, and his heart open.

"Come," said he, "my friend, I am glad you have returned, I have longed to see you, I have been expecting you a long time."

I was perfectly amazed. "What do you mean, sir?"

"I must go on my own way; I am a poor, ignorant man; I neither know how to read nor wite; I was born in these woods, and my father did not think proper to teach me my letters. I worked on these grounds until became a man, when I went coasting voyages from hence to New York. I was then desirous of becoming a husband; but in going to New York, I was pressed on board a man-of-war, and I was taken in Admiral Warren's ship to Cape Breton. I never drank any rum, so they saved my allowance; but I would not bear an affront, so if any of the officers struck me, I struck them again; but the admiral took my part, called me his new-light man. When we reached Louisbourg, I ran away and traveled barefooted through the country, and almost naked to New York, where I was known, and supplied with clothes and money, and soon returned to this place, when I found my girl married; this rendered me very unhappy, but I recovered my tranquility and married her sister. I sat down to wor; got forward very fast; constructed a saw-mill; possessed myself of this farm, and five hundred acres of adjoining land. I etered into navigation; became the owner of a sloop, and have got together a large estate. I am, as I said, unable either to write or read, but I am capable of reflection; the sacred Scriptures ave been often read to me, from which I gather that there is a great and good Being, to whom we are indebted for all we enjoy. It is this great and good Being who hath preserved and rotected me through innumerable dangers, and, as he had give me a house of my own, I conceived I could not do less than to pen it to the stranger, let him be who he would; and especially if a traveling minister passed this way, he always received a invitation to put up at my house, and hold his meetings here. I continued this practice for more than seven years, and illiterate as I was, I used to converse with them, and was fond of asking them questions. They pronounced me an odd mortal, deeming themselves at a loss what to make of me; while I continued to affirm that I had but one hope; I believed that Jesus Christ suffered death for my transgressions, and this alone was sufficient for me. At length my wife grew weary of having meetings held in her house, and I determined to build a house for the worship of God. I had no children, and I knew that I was beholden to Almighty God for everything which I possessed, and it seemed right I should appropriate a part of what he had bestowed for his service. My neighbors offered their assistance. But no, said I; God has given me enough to do this work without your aid, and, as he has put it into my heart to do, so I will do. And who, it was asked, will be your preacher? I answered, God will send me a preacher, and of a very different stamp from those who have heretofore preached in my house. The preachers we have heard are continually contradicting themselves; but that God who has put it into my heart to build this house, will send one who shall deliver unto me his own truth—who shall speak of Jesus Christ and his salvation. When the house was finished, I received an application from the Baptists; and I told them if they could make it appear that God Almighty was a Baptist, the building should be theirs at once. The Quakers and Presbyterians received similar answers. No, said I, as I firmly believe that all mankind are equally dear to Almighty God, they shall all be equally welcome to preach in this house which I have built. My neighbors assured me I never should see a preacher whose sentiments corresponded with my own, but my uniform reply was that I assuredly should. I engaged, the first year, with a man whom I greatly disliked; we parted, and for some years we have had no stated minister. My friends often ask me, 'Where is the preacher of whom you spake?' And my constant reply has been, He will by and by make his appearance. The moment I beheld your vessel on shore, it seems as if a voice had audibly sounded in my ears, 'There, Potter, in that vessel, cast away on that shore, is the preacher you have been so long expecting. I heard the voice, and I believed the report; and when you came up to my door, and asked for the fish, the same voice seemed to repeat, 'Potter, this is the man, this is the person whom I have sent to preach in your house!'

I was astonished, immeasurably astonished at Mr. Potter's narrative, but yet I had not the smallest idea it could ever be realized. I requested to know what he could discern in my appearance which could lead him to mistake me for a preacher! "What," said he, "could I discern when you were in the vessel, that could induce this conclusion? No, sir, it is not what I *saw*, or *see*, but what I *feel*, that produces in my mind a full conviction."

"But, my dear sir, you are deceived, indeed you are deceived; I never shall preach in this place, nor anywhere else."

"Have you never preached? can you say you have never preached? I can not, but I never intend to preach again.

"Has not God lifted up the light of his countenance upon you? Has he not shown you his truth?"

I trust he has.

"And how dare you hide this truth? Do men light a candle to put it under a bushel? If God has shown you his salvation, why should you not show it to your fellow men? But I know that you will, I am sure God Almighty has sent you to us for this purpose; I am not deceived, I am sure I am not deceived."

I was terrified as the man thus went on; and I began to fear that God, who orders all things according to the counsel of his own will, had ordained that thus it should be, and my heart trembled at the idea. I endeavored, however, to banish my own fears, and to silence the warm-hearted man, by observing that I was in the place of a supercargo; that property to a large amount had been entrusted to my care, and that, the moment the wind changed, I was under the most solemn obligations to depart.

"The wind will never change, sir, until you have delivered to us, in that meeting-house, a message from God."

Still I was resolutely determined never to enter any pulpit as a preacher; yet, being rendered truly unhappy, I begged I might be shown to my bed. He requested I would pray with them, if I had no objection. I asked him how he could suppose I had any objection to praying? The Quakers, he said, seldom prayed, and there were others who visited him who were not in the habit of praying. I never propose prayer, sir, lest it should not meet with the approbation of those with whom I sojourn; but I am always pleased when prayer is proposed to me. I prayed, and my heart was greatly enlarged and softened. When we parted for the night, my kind host solemnly requested that I would think of what he had said. Alas! he need not to have made this request; it was impossible to banish it from my mind. When I entered my chamber and shut the door, I burst into tears; I would have given the world that I had never left England. I felt as if the hand of God was in the events which had brought me to this place, and I prayed most ardently that God would assist and direct me by his counsel. I presented myself before him as a man bowed down by calamity; a melancholy outcast, driven by repeated afflictions of body and of mind to seek refuge in *private* life, to seek solitude amid the wilds of America. Thou knowest, said my oppressed spirit, thou knowest, O Lord, that if it had pleased thee, I would have preferred death as the safest and most sure retreat, but thou hast not seen fit to indulge my wishes in this respect. In thy providence, thou hast brought me into this new world; thou seest how I am oppressed by solicitations to speak unto the people the words of life; thou knowest that I am not sufficient for these things; thou God of my fathers, thou God of the stranger, look with pity upon the poor, lonely wanderer, now before thee. O thou that sittest in the heavens, and rulest in the earth, and who assurest us that a hair of our head cannot fall unnoticed by thee; O thou who kindly directest us, thy poor dependent creatures, to acknowledge thee in all their ways, and to make their requests known unto thee in every time of affliction, behold thy poor dependent supplicating three for thy kind direction and protection; if thou hast indeed put it into the heart of thy servant to demand of me, the meanest and weakest of all, to whom thou didst ever give power to believe in the name of thy Son, to declare unto him, and the people of this place, the gospel of thy grace, O God! in mercy prepare me, prepare me for so vast an undertaking, and let thy presence be with me; strengthen me, O Lord, by thy mighty spirit. And if it be not thy pleasure thus to employ me—for thou, O God, wilt send by whom thou wilt send—graciously manifest thy will, so that I may not by any means be drawn into a snare. Thou art the sinner's friend, thou art the only friend I have. To thee, O thou compassionate Father of my Spirit, encouraged by thy gracious promises, I make application. Pity, O pity the destitute stranger; leave me not, I most earnestly entreat thee, to my own direction.

Thus did I pray, thus did I weep through the greater part of the night; dreading more than death, even supposing death an object of dread, the thought of engaging as a public character. On the one hand, I discovered, that if there be a ruling power, a superintending providence, the account given by the extraordinary man under whose roof I reposed, evinced its operation; that, if the heart of the creature be indeed in the hand of the Creator, it was manifest that God had disposed the heart of this man to view me as his messenger, sent for the purpose of declaring the council of his peace to his creatures. On the other hand, I recollected that the heart is deceitful above all things, that the devices of the adversary are manifold; and that, had it been the will of God that I should have become a promulgator of the Gospel of his grace, he would have qualified me for an object of such infinite magnitude. If I testified of Jesus according to the Scriptures, I well knew upon what I must calculate; the clergy, of all denominations, would unite to oppose me. For I had never met with any individual of that order, either in the Church of Rome or elsewhere, who were believers in the Gospel that God preached unto Abraham, that, in Christ Jesus all the families of the earth should be blessed; nor did they, as far as I had known, embrace the ministry of reconciliation committed unto the apostles, namely, that *God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself*, not imputing unto them their trespasses; nor did they acknowledge the *restitution of all things, testified by all God's holy prophets ever since the world began.* To these doctrines I supposed clergymen in this, as well as in the country I had left, united in their opposition; and convinced that there were no enemies in the world more powerful than the clergy, I trembled at the thought of stemming the full tide of their displeasure. I was persuaded that people in general, being under the dominion of the clergy, would hate where they hated, and report what they reported. Acquainted in some measure with human nature and with Divine revelation, I was certain that, if I appeared in the character of a real disciple of Christ Jesus, if I dared to declare the whole truth of God, all manner of evil would be said of me; and although it might be *falsely* said, while the *inventor* of the slander would be *conscious of its falsehood*, the majority of those who heard would yield it credit, and I should become the victim of their credulity.

I knew how Mr. Relly had suffered in England, and the Apostles in Judea; and being a believer in the testimony of God, I was assured, if my doctrines were the same, my treatment would be similar. All this rose to my view, and the prospect was tremendous. Thus I passed the night, and the ensuing morning witnessed my indisposition, both of body and mind. My good friend renewed his solicitations. "Will you, sir, speak to me, and to my neighbors, of the things which belong to our peace?" Seeing only thick woods, the tavern across the fields excepted, I requested to know what he meant by neighbors? "O, sir, we assemble a large congregation, whenever the meeting-house is opened; indeed, when my father first settled here, he was obliged to go twenty miles to grind a bushel of corn, but there are now more than seven hundred inhabitants within that distance." I was amazed; indeed, everything I saw, and everything I heard, amazed me; nothing, except the religion of the people, resembled what I had left behind.

My mind continued subjected to the most torturing reflections. I could not bring myself to yield to the entreaties of Mr. Potter, and still I urged the necessity of departing, the moment the wind would answer. Mr. Potter was positive the wind would not change, until I had spoken to the people. Most ardently did I desire to escape the importunities of this good man. The idea of a crowd, making a public exhibition of myself, was, to my desolate, wo-worn mind, intolerable; and the suspense in which I was held was perfectly agonizing. I could not forbear acknowledging an uncommon coincidence of circumstances. The hopes and fears of this honest man, were long in operation, yet he evinced great warmth of disposition, and was evidently unctured with enthusiasm; but, after making every allowance for these propensities, it could not be denied that an overruling Power seemed to operate in an unusual and remarkable manner. I could not forbear looking back upon the mistakes made during our passage, even to the coming in to this particular inlet, where no vessel, of the size of the brig Hand-in-Hand, had ever before entered; every circumstance contributed to bring me to this house. Mr. Potter's address on seeing me; his assurance that he knew I was on board the vessel when he saw her at a distance; all these circumstance pressed with powerful conviction on my mind, and I was ready to say, if God Almighty has, in his providence, so ordered events as to bring me into this country for the purpose of making manifest the savor of his name, and of bringing many to the knowledge of the truth, though I would prefer death to entering into a character which will subject me to what is infinitely worse than death; yet, as the issues of life and death are not under my dispensation, am I not bound to submit to the dispensations of Providence? I wished, however, to be convinced, that it was the will of God that I should step forth in a character, which would be considered as obnoxious as truly detestable. I was fully convinced it was not by the will of the flesh, nor by the will of the world, nor by the will of the god of this world; all these were strongly opposed thereto. One moment I felt my resolution give way; the path pointed out seemed to brighten upon me: but the next, the difficulties from within and without, obscured the prospect, and I relapsed into a resolution to shelter myself in solitude from the hopes and fears, and the various contentions of men.

While I thus balanced, the Sabbath advanced. I had ventured to implore the God who had sometimes condescended to indulge individuals with tokens of his approbation, graciously to indulge me, upon this important occasion; and that, if it were his will that I should obtain the desire of my soul, by passing through life in a private character. If it were *not* his will that I should engage as a preacher of the ministry of reconciliation, he would vouchsafe to grant me such a wind as might bear me from this shore, before the return of another Sabbath. I determined to take the changing of the wind for an answer; and, had the wind changed, it would have borne on its wings full conviction, because it would have corresponded with my wishes. But the wind changed not, and Saturday morning arrived. "Well," said my anxious friend, "now let me give notice to my neighbors." "No, sir, not yet; should the wind change in the middle of the afternoon, I must depart." No tongue can tell, nor heart conceive, how much I suffered this afternoon; but the evening came on, and it was necessary I should determine; and at last, with much fear and trembling, I yielded a reluctant consent. Mr. Potter then immediately dispatched his servants, on horseback, to spread the intelligence far and wide, and they were to continue their information until ten in the evening.

I had no rest through the night. What should I say, or how address the people? Yet I recollect the admonition of our Lord:—"*Take no thought what you shall say; it shall be given you in that same hour, what you shall say.*" Ay, but this promise was made to his disciples. Well, by this, I shall know if I am a disciple. If God in his providence, is committing to me a dispensation of the Gospel, he will furnish me with matter, without my thought or care. If this thing be not of God, he will desert me, and this shall be another sign; on this, then, I rested. Sunday morning succeeded; my host was in transports. I was—I cannot describe how I was. I entered the house; it was neat and convenient, expressive of the character of the builder. There were no pews; the pulpit was rather in the Quaker mode; the seats were constructed with backs, roomy, and even elegant. I said there were no pews; there was one large square pew, just before the pulpit; in this sat the venerable man and his family, particular friends, and visiting strangers. In this pew sat, upon this occasion, this happy man, and surely no man upon this side of heaven was ever more completely happy. He looked up to the pulpit with eyes sparkling with pleasure; it appeared to him as the fulfillment of a promise long deferred; and he reflected, with abundant consolation, on the strong faith, which he had cherished, while his associates would tauntingly question, "Well, Potter, where is this minister who is to be sent to you?" "He is coming along in God's own good time." "And do you still believe any such preacher will visit you?" "O yes, assuredly." He reflected upon all this, and tears of transport filled his eyes; he looked around upon the people, and every feature seemed to say, "There, what think you now?" When I returned to his house, he caught me in his arms. "Now, now I am willing to depart. O my God! I will praise thee; thou hast granted me my desire. After this truth I have been seeking, but I have never found it until now; I knew that God, who put it into my heart to build a house for his worship, would send a servant of his own to proclaim his own Gospel. I knew he would; I knew the time was come, when I saw the vessel grounded; I knew you were the man when I saw you approach my door, and my heart leaped for joy." Visitors poured into the house; he took each by the hand. This is the happiest day of my life, said the transported man:

"There, neighbors, there is the minister God promised to send me; how do you like God's minister;" I ran from the company, and prostrating myself before the throne of grace, besought my God to take me, and do with me whatever he pleased. I am, said I, I am, O Lord God, in thine hand, as clay in the hand of the potter. If thou in thy providence, hast brought me into this new world to make known unto this people the grace and the blessings of the new covenant; if thou hast thought proper, by making choice of so weak an instrument, to confound the wise; if thou hast been pleased to show to a babe possessing neither wisdom nor prudence, what thou hast hid from the wise and prudent—be it so, O Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight. But, O my merciful God! leave me not, I beseech thee, for a single moment; for without thee I can do nothing. O, make thy strength perfect in my weakness, that the world may see that thine is the power, and that therefore thine ought to be the glory. Thus my heart prayed, while supplicating tears bedewed my face.

I felt, however, relieved and tranquilized, for I had power given me to trust in the Lord; to stay upon the God of my sal-

vation. Immediately upon my return to the company, my boatmen entered the house, "The wind is fair, sir." Well then, we will depart. It is late in the afternoon, but no matter, I will embark directly; I have been determined to embrace the first opportunity, well knowing the suspense the captain must be in, and the pain attendant thereon. Accordingly, as soon as matters could be adjusted, I set off; but not till my old friend, taking me by the hand, said, "You are now going to New York; I am afraid you will, when there, forget the man to whom your Master sent you. But I do beseech you, come back to me again as soon as possible." The tears gushed into his eyes, and, regarding me with a look, indicative of the strongest affection, he threw his arms around me, repeating his importunities that I would not unnecessarily delay my return. I was greatly affected, reiterating the strongest assurances that I would conform to his wishes. "Why should I not?" said I; "what is there to prevent me? I do not know an individual in New York; one knows me; what should induce me to tarry there?" "Ah, my friend," said he, "you will find many in New York, who will love and admire you, and they will wish to detain you in that city. But you have promised you will return, and I am sure you will perform your promise; and, in the mean time, may the God of heaven be with you!"

## PSYCHOMETRY AGAIN.

Mr. Partridge:

*Dear Sir*—I listened with a good deal of interest to the discussion on Wednesday evening last in relation to psychometry. There appears to be a disposition to make *this* a science, independent of Spirit-power—to prove that its phenomena are referable to an intelligence belonging exclusively to the present plane or sphere. If this theory can be sustained (which I doubt), I reiterate, it strikes a blow at all which has been supposed to have emanated from superior intelligences, or from the Spirit-world, and there may yet be discovered a law by which the physical demonstrations claimed as Spirit-power may be explained.

I presume our worthy and learned friend, Dr. Hallock, has not as yet fully explored the field of electricity, magnetism, psychology and psychometry, which may, perhaps, have considerable to do with "physical demonstrations." He may be building a theory which will eventually sweep away the whole system of "spiritual manifestations." The Doctor says he has "seen individuals blindfolded, and then read papers and books placed in their hands. He says he has seen this years ago, before modern Spiritualism was known."

If I understand him correctly, he means to say that because this science, if you please, existed previous to the development of modern Spiritualism, it has no claim to an intelligence superior to man's. I will not stop to argue this point, because, in the first place, I am not well versed in science, and upon scientific issues can not hold an argument with the Doctor; and in the second place, because I *think* there are many phases of the manifestations which science *fails* to account for, taking it for granted that the Doctor's theory of psychometry is correct.

But is it not more natural, more consistent, and more in harmony with facts, to suppose that this is but another phase of the manifestations? Is it not closely allied to clairvoyance? and is it not necessary that the psychometric reader should be in some way developed as a medium? I ask these questions for information. But I *do* hope, for my own sake, that there are no facts in science or nature which will explain away these manifestations. If this be so, I have no hope of a future existence, and one of the noblest structures ever erected for man's happiness must crumble and fall, bringing us into the gloom of midnight sadness.

Yours very respectfully, etc., WM. P. NOE,
33 Wall-street.

Remarks.—Instead of the disclosures of the contents of letters in sealed envelopes, and delineations of the characteristics of the writers, being a *new phase* of Spirit-manifestations, this phenomenon is as old as modern Spiritualism, and has been of very common occurrence with many mediums. The letter is of no importance in these manifestations, only so far as it may serve a Spirit in ascertaining who the person is whose character you wish delineated. A friend of mine met a psychometrical reader in Niblo's Theater last week, and the medium at once told him what he had been doing, and how the thing he was engaged in had been stopped, and for what purpose, and told him he was to take a journey, and be absent by the sea-shore two weeks before he could continue his work; and several other things were told which would have been ascribed to psychometry if a letter or a lock of hair had been used.

This shows that the only difference between what is called spiritual and psychometrical delineation, is that a letter or a lock of hair is used in one case, and not in the other. The phenomena in both cases are the same.

The priority of the phenomena called psychometry, is no more evidence of its truth, or its independence of Spirits, than the discovery of od force by Richenback implies that the phenomena manifested through that agent are not spiritual in their origin. We often ascribe new phenomena to the wrong cause; but I think it is manly to yield our conclusions when subsequent developments prove them to be errors.

The same class of phenomena are claimed as evidences of both psychometry and spiritual intercourse, whereas the two sciences—if they may be called such—differ as widely in the minds and understandings of those who hold them separately, as day and night, life and death, time and eternity. Psychometry claims that the individual in his mundane sphere, of himself and independent of Spirits, ascertains and discloses certain secrets or hidden things. Spiritualism claims the individual to be but the mundane instrument through which the *knowledge* of a Spirit is disclosed. It will be perceived that the difference between these two ideas is as wide as the mortal and immortal states. Through *one*, the knowledge of a future existence is demonstrated, while the other leaves us in doubt and despair. Our correspondent is right in saying that if psychometry as generally understood be true, "it strikes a blow at all those phenomena which have been supposed to have emanated from superior intelligences." If the psychometrical theory be true, I can not conceive *how it is possible* for a Spirit to demonstrate his presence through mental efforts; for all he may know or say through a medium is ascribed to the medium—the earthly instrument he uses in communicating his *knowledge*. Hence, as our correspondent intimates, we have nothing left but physical manifestations—which skepticism, electricity and od force in turn conspire to crush as evidences of life beyond the grave. No wonder our friend, and tens of thousands of other persons, are alarmed for the stability of that great joy and consolation derived through supposed spiritual communion, for not only the evidences supposed to be afforded by modern Spiritualism, but the Scriptural evidences of intercourse with the invisible world, are equally involved, and the brightest hopes of Christendom are shrouded in sepulchral gloom!

People have been willing to accept psychometry as a science, without that severe criticism which they apply to Spiritualism, simply because it pertains only to the mundane sphere, and dies, as many expect to die, without hope beyond. But the moment any phenomenon transpires which involves a future life, and the consequences of the errors of the present life, common sense is outraged in ascribing it to a mundane cause. A future life, and the consequences of the errors of this life, are what many people seem most afraid of. Spiritualism never fears, but invites criticism, and I trust that good common sense, which is capable of comprehending and appreciating the fact and significance of spiritual communion, will be able to discard the specious sophistries which sap the vitality of our immortal hopes, and crucify the Christ of this nineteenth century. CHARLES PARTRIDGE.


# SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25, 1855.


## HOURS AT MRS METTLER'S ROOMS.

We have quite recently visited Hartford, Conn., where for several days we enjoyed the agreeable society and generous hospitality of Dr. Mettler and his esteemed lady, who have become widely known on account of the unprecedented success which has attended their treatment of the sick and afflicted, by means of clairvoyance and spiritual agency. Not long since, the Doctor purchased a fine family residence, situated on Winthrop-street, and his spacious apartments are now daily thronged with the sick and the sorrowing, who visit Mrs. M. in the hope of being made whole on earth, or—if that be impossible—desiring to receive the priceless consolation which flows from the demonstration of a higher life and another world, where darkness and sorrow are unknown, and the inhabitants shall not say, "I am sick." And multitudes who do come sorrowing go away rejoicing, with the forces of mortal life quickened, strengthened and equalized; with their hearts relieved from the crushing weight of earth's great woes, and the mind illuminated by light from the immortal world. The spectacle before us is deeply significant and impressive. As the people gather here we are carried back and away in spirit to the scenes of Bethesda. Verily, the angels descend at this place to move life's troubled waters, and those who follow them are cleansed and healed.

As we entered the rooms of the Dr. and Mrs. Mettler, on Saturday, 11th instant, we saw among others a Mr. P. of No. — Broadway, together with his wife and son. We recognized the parties as persons who had occupied seats in the same car with us on our way from New York to Hartford. They were evidently very anxious to have an interview with Mrs. Mettler without delay, but her sitting was over for that day, and they were accordingly obliged to go away. On the following Monday morning they called again, and in their turn were examined. Mr. P. was a confirmed skeptic, and only came to gratify his wife. In the course of the examination Mrs. Mettler said in substance, "I see you are alarmed, thinking that the accident which happened to that child may hereafter produce distressing or fatal results. The dog was not rabid, but, having been annoyed by some boys, ran into the hall of the house and snapped at the little girl, wounding her in the face." [Mrs. M. here described the nature, extent and seat of the injury.] All this actually occurred to Mr. P.'s little daughter but a few days before, and the parents confessed that they had been deeply anxious, fearing that their child might die of hydrophobia. Mr. P. was not prepared for such a disclosure, and his skepticism was manifestly shaken; he was silent, but without much persuasion submitted *himself* to Mrs. M. for an examination.

While Mrs. Mettler was in the trance, a gentleman, whose name we ascertained to be Fuller, entered the apartment. He was young, but appeared to have suffered from protracted disease, which hung like a half-transparent vail over the native light and intelligence of his noble countenance. He was first examined on the 16th of July, at which time he was utterly helpless, at his own house, Mrs. M. being at the same time entranced at her residence. The diagnosis indicated that the patient had a painful affection of the sciatic nerve; the left lower limb was much contracted, and there was a diseased condition of the kidney, liver and stomach, accompanied with great weakness and emaciation. His health had been failing for more than a year, and for four months he had been closely confined to the house, and under the treatment of a distinguished physician. Mrs. M. had never once seen her patient, nor had Mr. Fuller ever been in her presence until he entered the room where she was entranced on the 15th instant, while we were present. After another summary examination, which the writer witnessed, Mr. Fuller started off on foot to go to his house, a distance of not less than half a mile. As he was about to leave the room he offered Dr. M. his usual fee, which the latter promptly and generously declined, saying, "The doctors and the disease have deprived you of your money and your health; keep what you have of the one, and may you regain what you have lost of the other."

A Presbyterian deacon came in, and with a solemn countenance, seated himself before the seeress. He had been there before, and renewed his hopes when he buried his prejudices. He came in the first instance to consult Mrs. Mettler, in behalf of a beloved daughter, whose precious life for many days had seemed suspended on a slender thread, which a breath might sever. Her physicians had exhausted their skill to no purpose, and she was rapidly sinking when they relinquished her case. On this occasion Mrs. M. again went away in spirit to the couch of the sick girl, and found her much improved. She said the patient was rapidly convalescing, that she was also being developed as a Spirit-medium, and had already related some of her visions and other spiritual experiences to her friends, all of which statements were at once confirmed by the testimony of the anxious but hopeful father.

We might extend this citation of facts to almost any length, but have not the space for any additional cases. The foregoing examples will suffice to indicate what the Doctor and Mrs. Mettler are doing to remove or mitigate the woes of afflicted and despairing human nature. Estimated at their usual rates, Mr. and Mrs. Mettler have, during the past year, given their services to the poor to the extent of $3,000! If among all who are disposed to complain of their charges, there is even one who has as freely done half as much, we shall be pleased to do him equal honor, by a similar acknowledgment of his services.

## WHAT OPPOSERS WANT OF SPIRITS.

If it be objected to the spiritual origin of the sounds that they have not occurred at an earlier period in the experience of mankind, we may reply that the objection is no less valid against a material hypothesis, and, in fact, bears equally on any natural phenomenon that may occur. We may as well object to the reality of every new discovery in physical science, merely because it was not made before. It is true that, in all ages spiritual causes have been revealed in the production of physical effects, and the want of a regular and reliable medium of communication between the visible and invisible worlds, may have been owing rather to human ignorance, cowardice and unbelief, than to any other cause. Most persons shrink with more than childish apprehension from the very idea of the intangible presence, and if spirits are influenced at all by the considerations that govern men, they may not be inclined to converse with those who carefully avoid their society.

It has been objected that these manifestations are productive of no important result. "What good?" says the man whose record of all he values is entered on the *ledger*. This objection ordinarily emanates from those who have been accustomed to determine the specific importance of everything, by its capacity to minister to their pride and avarice. When they examine a new discovery it is with a view to ascertain its relations to their physical necessities, and its subserviency to the purposes of a selfish ambition. Whatever fails to answer their ends in these particulars is treated with indifference. All else that is valuable has been attended to by others. Plato solved the problem of the soul's immortality, and Christ demonstrated the resurrection—the work is done! Truth, virtue, and all similar abstractions, are carefully looked after by the priesthood, and nothing remains for these men but to calculate their gains. The only "knockings" in which they are especially interested occur at the *counter*, and the all-important communication for them is a *draft*, payable at sight. Several characters here present themselves, affording to the amateur an occasion for an interesting study.

Yonder is a man whose keen eye and angular features indicate that he may be a financier. His brow is knit together, as though all the mental forces had found a focal point in the organ of individuality. He proves to be a devout worshiper, who carries his god in his *pocket*. This man's "eye is evidently single," for he looks out for ONE. He has "come out from the world" in a manner peculiar to himself and his class; *i. e.*, he cares for nobody else—only he and his *god*. It is his custom to go "on 'Change," and he now requests the Spirits to "knock" the price of stocks for *next week*, so that he can buy or sell and realize a handsome speculation.

The door opens, and a well dressed person of careless manner enters. In his whole demeanor we discern the peculiar *abandon* that characterizes a fashionable young man of dissolute habits. This youth expects to *heir* the estate of a rich uncle, and desires to know how long before the old man will be *immortalized!* also, whether Spirits can exercise any control over the organs of *respiration*.

A speculator—one associated with a newspaper establishment—is next in order. His object is to obtain the news by the next steamer, in advance of the arrival, in order to secure the reputation of an enterprising publisher—nothing more! Surely the oracle can afford to deliver himself in a most reliable manner to one whose object is so legitimate and proper.

A vain, indolent young man wishes the Spirits to refer him to a situation, exactly adapted to his wants—one that requires no talent, no labor, and pays *liberally*.

We must sketch the characters as they come—and the next is "Miss Spindle," who only wants to learn a certain *secret* in the possession of her neighbor, and to ascertain the probabilities of matrimony in her case, now that she is past *forty*.

A large number of politicians are anxious to find out how the ensuing election will go—whether Whig or Democrat, or Know Nothing—so that they can arrive at a just conclusion as to what they *believe* with reference to the pending questions.

If the Spirits will only "rap" for all these, according to their several desires, they will all believe. They have only to provide for the lazy, tell fortunes, prophecy for political demagogues and "knock" the present prices of cotton and other staples in the foreign markets, and Spiritualism will prosper gloriously! All Wall-street will be brought to a "knowledge of the truth," and the inconceivable importance of the subject will plainly appear. O, most conscientious seekers after spiritual light and instruction, how do ye long for the communion of the saints! But, seriously, is there no other good but gold? When scarcely a lofty thought or generous emotion may spontaneously arise, to remind you that man is immortal, is it of no consequence that an invisible power is revealed to your dull senses? Is it in vain that Spirits *knock* at the door of your closed hearts? Can no power break through the concretion of sensuality that covers your souls? And is nothing required to divert your attention from the world—ye whose god is Mammon and whose treasures are laid up in *iron safes!*

It is true that every man has his notion on this subject, and some men defend their views with as much earnestness as if the salvation of the world depended on their acceptance. No one can have a more profound consciousness of this fact than the present writer, and few have greater reason to complain of this unreasoning devotion to the preconceived opinions of men. It is for this cause that each succeeding discovery is regarded with suspicion, by many minds, while every dogmatist denounces the expression of a new thought, as an infringement of his rights. Ignorance will always repudiate your new ideas and improved philosophy, little as the old systems are doing to refine the nature, and exalt the condition of man. But the dead weight of ignorance, conservatism and professional immobility, can not arrest the world's progress. The human mind is unfolding powers which belong to a higher plane, and Truth is making the mightiest conquests. New lights glimmer in the Spiritual Heavens, and the great orbs, whose effulgence

"—— made the old time glorious,"

are revealed to our longing eyes in all their majesty, as the mists of ignorance and unbelief pass away, to obscure the world no more.

## WORK IS PRAYER.

Bishop M'Ilvaine, of the Episcopal Church in Ohio, has issued a pastoral letter to the congregations of his diocese, with reference to praying for an abundant harvest. The Bishop reminds Christians that the time to pray is before an apprehended evil comes, rather than when it has come.—*Exch.*

This is all very well; but the Bishop should recommend industry and proper cultivation of the earth as well as prayer. Prayer won't make the corn grow unless it is well attended to otherwise. We have great faith in the efficacy of an honest prayer upon the prayer maker; but men who think they can "make rain" by praying, or otherwise compel the elements to come to their assistance, labor under something of a delusion.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

The *Mirror* talks downright infidelity. We believe, of course, that a proper cultivation of the soil is necessary in order that the earth may bring forth fruit in its season; but there are innumerable well-authenticated instances on record, where God has not only "made it rain" in answer to prayer, but much greater and mightier works than this have been wrought through *its* power.—*Onondaga Gazette.*

While we do not deny to the invisible powers of the Spirit-world the ability to produce such physical phenomena as are referred to in the preceding paragraphs, we have, at the same time, but little faith in the potency of fashionable prayers, and rather incline to the opinion that they do as little to moisten and fertilize the fields as they do to improve the hearts and lives of men. The *Gazette* may be more reverent in a popular sense, and less reasonable in a true sense, than is warranted by the facts or a sound philosophy. Do we not invariably have large quantities of rain in a "wet time?" Certainly. Are men accustomed to pray for rain when they have enough? No. Then, do we not ordinarily have the most wet weather when men pray the least for rain? It would seem so. Moreover, we think that the proper preparation of the soil, and the common practice of *hoeing corn* has more to do with its growth than oral prayer, fastings, and all other religious ceremonies. If the season is dry, there is nothing better than *irrigation*. If the soil be lean and unproductive, genuine guano, phosphate of lime, or common ashes, will do more to restore it than reverend words and a solemn seeming. We have somewhere read an anecdote of a sensible bishop, who went out to pray for a special blessing on the earth, and who, having prayed earnestly over several fields, at length came to one that was uncommonly sterile. A careful examination of the soil served to diminish the faith of his reverence in the efficacy of his own labor. "Praying," said the facetious prelate, "is not what is wanted here, *this field wants manure*."

But it is conceded that *all true prayers are answered*. Prayer is defined to be "*the heart's sincere desire*." Now, men are willing to *work* faithfully to secure such objects and results as they most desire to accomplish, and this is the strongest and most significant expression of their desire. Those who pray in the most emphatic manner are most likely to realize what they pray for. Thus *earnest labor is fervent prayer*.

### Lectures in Hartford.

On Sunday, 12th instant, we listened to two lectures from Dr. John Mayhew, delivered in the Hall occupied by the Spiritualists. The first was devoted to a consideration of the nature of Spirit; its progressive changes, and its immortality. The lecture was characterized throughout by remarkable ability, and the manner of its delivery was at once earnest and impressive. Spiritual Intercourse was the theme in the evening. There were many more persons present than assembled in the morning; the lecture contained some good suggestions, but as a whole it was far less effective than the morning discourse. Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Davis were present in the evening.

## SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

The following letter addressed to the *Hartford Times* by Mr. D. D. Hume, will be perused with interest, as detailing some extraordinary phenomena, alleged to be spiritual, which have recently occurred in the presence of several of the English magnates, and describing the impressions which they made upon the minds of those who witnessed them. Spiritualism, on the opposite side of the water, can by no means be regarded as in a forlorn state so long as it has the power to exhibit facts totally nonplussing and discomfiting to such theorists upon the subject as Sir David Brewster, and confounding to such intellects as that of Lord Brougham, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, and others. If these illustrious individuals will be true to themselves and the world in avowing what they have witnessed of the spiritual phenomena, it will not be long before all classes of the English public will be aroused to investigation in that direction, and the claims of the new doctrine will be speedily established there as in our own country. Should they see fit, however, from personal or other motives, to withhold their newly acquired knowledge, it will avail but little save to gratify a selfish curiosity on their own part, and perhaps to render the medium less useful to the world by exciting a vain desire to mingle exclusively with the learned and titled classes.

Ealing Villa, near London,
July 26, 1855.

* * * In London I found but a limited number, comparatively speaking, who possess any intelligent or rational idea of the spiritual philosophy. The subject has not made any great advance here; but those who are investigating include in their number some of the best minds of England. The first call I received was from Sir Charles E. Isham, who has proved a most excellent friend to me. A day or two after this I received an invitation from Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton to visit him at his country seat at Knebworth. I accepted his invitation, and had an interesting and delightful visit.

I was deeply interested in Sir Edward, who is by birth, education and mind, a most superior person. His love of the beautiful, in nature and art, but especially in nature, is manifested at every part of his wide domain. Knebworth was originally built by a follower of the Conqueror, and was, in the year of the Armada, occupied by Queen Elizabeth. The state-room contains the bed upon which her Majesty slept. It has rich velvet hangings—the same which shaded the slumbers of Queen Bess. The room of the extensive library contains the oak table at which Cromwell, Pym & Co. sat while planning the rebellion. * * * We had some manifestations at our *séances*, almost as good as those we had at ——'s in your place. The Spirits showed their presence in the same palpable way, by presenting tangible hands, shaking hands, etc., and Sir Edward "acknowledges the corn," to use a Yankee vulgarism. He is much interested in the subject, and has bestowed no small share of thought upon the matter.

I had also the pleasure of being presented to the Marchioness of H******s, Baroness G**y R**n. She is a highly intellectual and altogether charming lady, who possesses much native refinement and a fearless desire to learn and follow the TRUTH. I met, too, the Earl of E*****e, and the Marquis of C*****e, at one of our circles a few evenings since. A most kind friend I also found in the Vicomte de St. Amirro, Charge d'Affaires from Brazil, who has given me valuable letters to France. I am to meet him and his lady (both investigators) the coming autumn at the Neapolitan court.

I enclose a paragraph from one of the London journals giving a sketch of an interview I had with Lord Brougham and Sir David Brewster. The latter, as you are well aware, wrote that article in the *Edinburgh Review*, some months ago, in which he argued against the existence of Spirit-agency in the production of the manifestations, and in which he denounced the whole matter in the bitterest terms, as a delusion and imposition. His article has been eagerly and widely quoted by the opponents of Spiritualism on both sides of the Atlantic, and its statements are doubtless believed by those who are incapable of appreciating or comprehending the truths which they assail.

Sir David, however, has for once met with a "*stumper*," for he has seen and felt such manifestation of his Spirit friends as to completely upset his philosophy. He frankly confesses that he is "sorely puzzled" at what he has witnessed, and Lord Brougham acknowledges himself to be thoroughly nonplussed. Both of these noted men brought the whole force of their keen discernment to bear upon the solution of the phenomena; but the presence of substantial, actual hands, and the demonstrative strength of the Spirits who thus clothed themselves for the time, and moved material objects about the room, proved to be too much of a question for them to master.

Time will not allow me to mention the various interesting sittings I have had, nor the many distinguished personages who have been in our circles during my short stay in London. I am at present enjoying the quiet of an English country home. The gentleman with whom I am stopping (Mr. Raymer) is one of the most distinguished solicitors in London. He has been a *materialist*, or disbeliever in a future state all his life, previous to witnessing these demonstrations of Spirit existence. He is now a believer (or rather a *knower*) of the future life. The manifestations, so often scoffed at by professing Christians, have done for him, as they have for upwards of twenty-five thousand infidels and atheists in America, what no power of the pulpit or doctrine of evangelical religion could ever have effected.

Is not this one fact alone a sufficient reply to the oft-repeated question of "what good does it all do?" There's many a broad, loving soul that, failing in the effort to narrow itself down to the limits of a dogmatical creed, has ended in infidelity, or blank atheism; but the number of these is becoming steadily less by the influence of the Spirit manifestations, which are to them what the placing of the hand in the spear wound was to Thomas. Mr. R., since his conversion, has given a lecture on the subject, and will give another.

One thing I will not omit. Mrs. Trollope, whom Americans will be apt to remember, came, with her son, from Florence to London for the express purpose of seeing the manifestations. They were accordingly invited to spend a few days with me at my village home; and, I must say I was agreeably disappointed in her. My previous ideas of her had not been such as to prepossess me in her favor, but I have become an admirer of her private character. She has none of the stiffness of the author about her, nor any of the "bluestocking." She enjoys the realities of existence more fully than anyone I have ever met in a circle.

The *séance* with her was one of strange interest. Her son was an unbeliever, and his mother was very desirous that he should be "brought to a knowledge of the truth." When at length the *light did* beam upon his soul and the chords of his spirit vibrated in unison with the celestial harmonies that ushered in the birth of Faith through the shadows of his old unbelief, the result was too much for his stoicism, and the tears of holy joy coursed down his manly cheeks. *Her* joy was too great for utterance, and her rapturous emotions seemingly too great to be endured. It was an impressive scene, and an occasion of deep interest. There are many such in the life of a Spirit medium.

In a few weeks I leave England for the Continent, in company with my friend, Mr. Raymer. We intend to reach Rome in November, where we purpose to spend a few months, if his Holiness will let us. You [illegible] hear from me again.

Yours truly, D. D. H[illegible]

The following is the article referred to as having appeared in the London [illegible]

Lord Brougham with the Spirits.—A circumstance which [illegible] excited the most extraordinary sensation among the privileged few [illegible] have been admitted within the sphere of its operations, has taken place at Ealing, a village on the Uxbridge road. A young gentleman named Home, a native of Scotland; but who has resided for many years in America, is now on a visit at the house of a Mr. Raymer, a [illegible] respectable solicitor. Mr. Home is what the Americans term a medium, and through his instrumentality some extraordinary, and, if true, [illegible] aculous occurrences have taken place.

The spirits of deceased persons have been heard and felt in [illegible] Raymer's house, and a variety of circumstances have taken place, wh[illegible] the persons who were present affirm could not have been produced [illegible] cept by supernatural agency. One of the spirits is supposed to be [illegible] of a son of Mr. Raymer, a little boy about eleven or twelve years [illegible] who has been induced to write to his parents under the cover of [illegible] table, and the writing is, to all appearances, precisely similar to [illegible] of the child when alive. Mr. Raymer, who is thoroughly convinced [illegible] the *bona fide* of the affair, has invited several persons to witness [illegible] manifestations, and among them the Rev. Mr. Lambert, the incum[illegible] who has become a devout believer in the existence of these communicative spirits.

Some rumors of the Spirit manifestations having reached [illegible] Brougham, the medium had an interview with the noble and [illegible] lord in the presence of Sir David Brewster, when several [illegible] able revelations were made, and even Lord Brougham has [illegible] himself amazed and sorely bothered to comprehend the [illegible] agency by which an accordeon is forced into his hands and [illegible] play, or his watch taken out of his pocket and found in the [illegible] some other person in the room, for such are among the vagaries [illegible] formed by the Ealing Spirits. The house of Mr Raymer, is, of course, [illegible] sieged by persons anxious to witness the manifestations, and [illegible] night passes that some scoffer is not converted into a true be[illegible] the mystery of Spiritual manifestations.

## NEW YORK CONFERENCE.

SESSION OF AUGUST 15.

Dr. Gray remarked, on opening the meeting, that on two or three occasions it has been painful to him, and no doubt to others who [illegible] love of order and a respect for the cause of truth, that persons [illegible] the trance state—probably they were entranced—have spoken [illegible] midst of the remarks of the persons speaking. He hoped it would [illegible] be done again. We all have a perfect remedy, unless it rains [illegible] we can leave if we don't like what is said.

By request, Mr. Oubta. read an article from the *N. Y. Express*, [illegible] from the Buffalo *Republic*, giving an account of "Davenport's C[illegible]" The *Republic* says it will not be held in any way responsible [illegible] statements, further than that "the incidents related are from [illegible] whose testimony on *any other subject* would be perfectly reliable, without the shadow of suspicion." The date of the occurrence [illegible] sumed to be some time in February last.

The article states the origin of the circle; that raps were [illegible] tinctly in *forty* minutes after the first sitting commenced; [illegible] table tipped in a short time after, and before the close was raised; communications were obtained—some of which were known to [illegible] but that subsequent inquiry was necessary to ascertain the correctness of the others, and they proved to be so; that a son of Mr. D[illegible] Ira, was developed as a writing medium on the third night; [illegible] was raised to the ceiling, and carried away from over the table [illegible] several persons witnessed these manifestations; that on the [illegible] another son was developed as a writing medium; that a [illegible] carried about the room, and played at the same time; that [illegible] taken up and carried into the kitchen, and thence into the [illegible] the Spirits opening two doors in the progress, and this in full [illegible] several of the most reliable persons, and all are satisfied that no [illegible] hand had any agency in the transactions.

The Spirit of a certain George Brown had communicated to the [illegible] cle, stating that in the flesh he resided about three miles from the [illegible] office in Waterloo, Canada; that he left three children; had been [illegible] three months; had been from home to purchase some cattle, [illegible] his return, was shot when crossing lots to shorten the distance [illegible] by the notorious Townsend gang; that his pockets were rifled of [illegible] five dollars, and his body buried on the spot. He promised Mr. [illegible] port to take Ira to the spot if he would go to the section of the [illegible] where he was killed. Mr. D. set out in company with another [illegible] man, but left Ira at home. Finding that the cars on the Brantford road had stopped running, they returned to make further inquiry [illegible] the spirits. At Fort Erie, and afterwards, Mr. D. obtained information concerning Mr. Brown that led him to believe the account given by [illegible] spirit to be correct. But he did return, and the spirit threatened [illegible] request about visiting the place was not complied with, to transport [illegible] to the spot, and declared he believed he could do it in five [illegible] Three weeks afterward, Ira relates that he found himself standing [illegible] snow on the bank of the lake or river near the foot of Hudson [illegible] He knew not how he came there, and on looking about him he could [illegible] discover the slightest indication of any track of his approach to the spot or any satisfactory solution of the mystery. Being delayed [illegible] home and anxious about him, his parents asked the cause. [illegible] spirit said he had taken him across the river to Canada and back [illegible] an experiment, to ascertain how fast he could travel with him.

The article is long, but it is believed that the above brief abstract [illegible] sufficient to enable the readers to apprehend its import, as the [illegible] referred chiefly to the power of spirits to convey bodies or objects [illegible] one place to another.

Dr. Gray said that Henry Gordon was once carried without any [illegible] scious human agency through the length of his parlors, a distance [illegible] seventy feet, in the dark; that he walked along touching his [illegible] fingers part of the distance, and Dr. Warner the rest of the way; [illegible] that there were several other persons present.

The assertion of the Spirit that he would carry the boy amounts [illegible] nothing. His evidence that he found himself in the snow on the [illegible] is given in the exterior state of the interior, and it does not follow [illegible] he did not walk there. There can be no poorer evidence than [illegible] mediums as to what takes place when they are in the trance state [illegible] the better the medium the less reliable is their testimony in such [illegible] Davis used to think he was carried by an aerial flight into the C[illegible] Mountains, but he does not believe so now. He has learnt the [illegible] bility of the testimony of persons in the exterior condition as to [illegible] takes place with themselves in the interior. Gordon was once [illegible] and put in *rapport* with a sick man. Suddenly he sprang through [illegible] window and ran like a deer to a place beyond a mill pond some [illegible] tance away, and gathered some herbs for the sick man, none of [illegible] grew anywhere in the vicinity except there. The sick man took [illegible] made from the herbs, and was cured. Gordon believes he walked [illegible] the water across that mill-pond. That he walked on the mill [illegible] have no doubt. He out-ran those who followed him, though they [illegible] with all their might. Similar things are related about the dis[illegible] of a mineral spring by a medium.

The natural body can be conveyed with great and unusual [illegible] and be endowed with astonishing activity. The testimony of the [illegible] sciousness of the medium is nothing, because he has to translate [illegible] the interior to the exterior state. For all we can see in this [illegible] Ira, it is likely the child was not conveyed a step. The laws of [illegible] are maintained with greater strictness in the Spirit-world than [illegible] here, and this conveyance is contradicted by sound philosophy. [illegible] New Testament record, I know, says Philip was conveyed about [illegible] miles after he had baptized the eunuch—the Spirit of the Lord [illegible] away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more. * * * but [illegible] was found at Azotus.

Prof. —— said that when he heard of this taking up of Gordon [illegible] went to Philadelphia to see him, and asked him if he was cons[illegible] what happened to him in the trance state, and he said he had [illegible] slightest idea of it. Nothing occurred during two nights' [illegible] with him. He told him he had peculiar feelings or symptoms [illegible] days or so before the paroxysms came on, and accordingly arranged [illegible] be present when they next occurred. In about three months [illegible] notice of the approach of them. Determined not to be caught [illegible] with him, he took some friends, as strong skeptics as himself, with [illegible] They afforded the medium every opportunity for deception, if he [illegible] deceive. The room was darkened. He felt something pass over [illegible] head, and threw up his hand and caught the tail of a coat. He [illegible] and followed it, determined to hold on. Soon something fell [illegible] floor, which was Mr. Gordon. The next time he was up he threw [illegible] the door very suddenly, admitting the light, and he instantly [illegible] to the floor. At the close of the sitting, Prof. —— got each [illegible] to write down the transactions of the evening, which was done, and [illegible] accounts were substantially alike. Some one here asked if it was [illegible] sible for him to be deceived, and he replied, "Well, yes; it was [illegible] possible."

Some one suggested that in the case of Ira, there were no tracks [illegible] the snow to or from the spot.

Dr. Gray said that it was so stated; but on the testimony of the boy. He would not take his evidence respecting his external state. The absence of tracks, on his statement, does not prove he was convey'd there. He was unwilling to believe that we are subject to be spirited away at the caprice of any body. If we are in such a state of bondage, he would like to know it.

Mr. Ives said if the Spirits can carry Henry Gordon seventy feet, they could as easily carry him seven hundred feet or seven hundred miles. He had seen a table weighing one hundred and fifty pounds raised up and around as easy as if it were a feather.

Dr. Gray did not believe the Spirits could do the one as easily as the other.

Prof. —— hoped we would not take evidence here of ordinary kind out of mere pull ences to the relator or any one present. He would sooner say the boy told a lie than believe in a disorderly act in nature. But he believed the boy told what seemed to him to be the truth. He didn't see why we should receive slight evidence when there is a plenty that can not be doubted—a plenty which would in a case of murder, hang every one of us. Where the evidence is at all doubtful or insufficient, to receive the thought or opinion of any one individual, it had better be rejected, or received with very great caution. He had spared neither time nor expense in hunting out alleged facts. He said he must declare he had never seen nor heard anything which, clearly and unequivocally established, would not be accounted for by natural law, and that he could not see how it was pro er for us to look beyond such a mode of accounting for these and similar occurrences; all natural law is as much divine as any other law.

Mr. Byrne said that nearly all his experience agreed with that of the learned professor, but there was some of it which would puzzle him to account for in any such way. He asked the Spirits on one occasion, for the solution of a mathematical question, which he stated to the Conference, and a solution was given, which he found afterwards was not correct; but he went over the calculation a second time and found the Spirit to be right. He certainly had no idea in his own mind of the answer, or why should he be obliged to go through a long and tedious calculation for the answer, which is not one in which there may be a little truth and a little want of it, but must be all truth. He gave an account of a theory advanced and advocated by a Spirit respecting molecular particles or ultimates of matter being in the form of man; and that many thousands of years ago they had tails, etc., etc., which does not seem sufficiently profitable to record.

Prof. —— said he would as soon think of following a dictionary shot from a mortar, as the remarks of the gentleman. He did not know as he understood them. But there was no question in mathematics, the solution of which is not referable to natural laws. Spinoza told us long ago that there is no mathematical question which the human mind is not *capable* of solving. Lord Brougham repeats the same idea, and illustrates. Professor —— gave an account of some of the wonderful performances of Zera Colburn, and of the esteem these powers were held in by the Cambridge mathematicians, and that they undertook to drill this mind, capable of instructing the whole of them in the ordinary modes, and they succeeded in making an ordinary mind. Colburn saw the results as a whole character, just as we do the whole word Constantinople without noticing and recognizing each of the fourteen letters. No man can tell that a key will drop to the ground unless he has first discovered the fact by observation; no amount of reasoning can bring him to the fact. He insisted upon it that the same *modus* which will render Colburn able to perform the wonders he has exhibited will also render Kate Fox capable of doing the same or of giving the solutions of mathematical problems such as Mr. Byrne has presented.

Dr. Gray wanted to say why he thought a Spirit could not move a body fifty miles as well as fifty feet. The process of lifting an object is by muscular force generated in the system by the *vis muscularis*. The Spirits use this force; it is subject to their power. Sometimes it is exceedingly difficult for them to lift a table; it was so in his circle; but as soon as Mr. Partridge came in, bringing his strong muscular force, we all knew things would move. But Spirits have not a physical body to use in our sphere.

Some one asked how he could account for a whirlwind according to his explanations.

Dr. Gray said he always carried stones in his pocket. All the phenomena are referable to this, that the muscular motions expressive of intelligence are performed by human powers evolved by or in human systems. The distance depends upon the degree. If the conditions are not favorable, no motion can be produced; and I take it that, being separated from any vital connection with mortal forms, they cease to act. Bring me a cane without the vicinage of any kind of a circle, and prove it by better evidence than the boy testifying of the external from his interior state, and I will sit down and be silent. But the man who is bobbing in and out of the medium state is not so good a witness as one of your pump-bolt sort of fellows, who is always there.

Dr. Hallock wished to state an occurrence at Riverhead as extending one of the theories sometimes advanced here. One of the most substantial and practical men of that place told him many of the incidents which had made him a Spiritualist; one prominent one is this: A daughter had married and lived at Jericho. Being ill, she wrote for her mother to come and see her. She went. One night, while she was gone, he lay thinking of his daughter, and looking up he saw her near the door, and coming toward him. Her appearance was remarkable, which as soon as he noticed he was impressed to believe indicated that he was to receive her as he then saw her—as a c rpse. In the morning he related the vision, and it was recorded. In a few days the facts were as they appeared in the vision. This confirmed him in the belief that there is such a thing as spiritual existence, for she was alive when he saw her in his room. This man is a happy and efficient Spiritualist; he is a man of thorough business habits, and not tinctured with fanaticism.

Dr. Hallock related a case showing how little a medium is able to judge of the origin of his thoughts.

Mr. Jones remarked that each one draws his conclusions from the state of his own mind—the mathematician from mathematics, the chemist from chemistry. He would draw his from a different source. On one occasion he received three communications from three grades of Spirits, through a medium who had never heard of him before—one from Daniel Webster, one from a lovely child, and one from a negro boy. He never met Webster but once, and then it was in the Highlands. To him it was an impressive interview. The medium gave me almost precisely the last words of Webster when we parted in the Highlands. Mr. Jones repeated the communication as well as the words of Webster. The next he wrote down only G. The medium said, This is the spirit of a little child, and immediately wrote a very beautiful communication, and signed his name in full. He thought then he would try to get the spirit of a negro b y for whom he knew no name except Bill, or Bill Nigger. The medium said, This is a funny spirit, and immediately wrote a communication full of fun and jollity, signing it Bill Jonsing. This summer he was in the section where Bill lived, and ascertained that his name was Bill Johnson. These facts were in his own experience, and they confirm him in the belief of intelligent existences out of our bodies which communicate with us, and over which our minds have no control. They were more to him than the moving of a thousand tables.

Prof. —— said he hoped he said nothing that would run counter to the fact that the spirit of his little child did communicate with him. He certainly did not intend to do so.

Mr. Jones said, No, if you include the spiritual law in the natural law.

Prof. —— replied that he certainly did.

GEORGE KELLOGG, *Sec. pro tem.*

## BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

On the 8th instant, after a short illness, JOSEPHINE, second daughter of PERRY H. and ELIZA DALE, in the twelfth year of her age. A truly lovely flower has fallen from our midst, but we mourn not as those without hope.

In the morn of life she left us,
And her vacant seat is here;
Yet how fondly do we cherish
Every emblem of her dear.

In the world of joys unending,
Basks her happy spirit there,
Waiting to proclaim some message
Unto those of earth most dear

M. S.

### Ohio Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends.

The next session of the Ohio Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends will be held at Salem, commencing the 22d of September, and continuing probably three days.

All persons, without regard to sect, creed, color, sex, position or location, are invited to attend, and discuss all themes connected with the elevation of man, and put forth such instrumentalities as tend to develop him in his relations to the moral and spiritual universe.

ISAAC TRESCOTT,
ESTHER HARRIS,
*Clerks.*

# Original Communications.

## A DEATH BED.

BY R. E. S.

The sun was high in the eastern sky,
And the morning drew apace,
And we saw a mist in the old man's eyes,
And we knew his soul would soon arise,
For the glorious light that never dies
Was beaming on his face.

And we gathered round him, one by one,
With hushed and silent breath,
For we knew he would die, with the noon-day sun,
And that, like him, when life was done,
We, too, should be called to tread alone
In the silent valley of death.

But we did not sob, and we did not weep—
How could we at such an hour,
When the silence should be low and deep,
When no bitter thoughts were mine to keep,
When the old man's heart was folding to sleep,
As folds an evening flower?

The mid-day sun's warm lingering glow
Came in at the window pane,
And the old man's eyes moved calm and slow,
To the golden wall with its sunny glow,
That he ever had loved, and seemed to know
He never should see again.

The light was gone, and his thin lips moved,
And we knew he breathed a prayer
To the God whose mercy he had proved,
For the weary world whence he removed,
And the better land his soul had loved,
And looked for many a year.

He had run the cheerful being out
That nature's God had given,
And immortality hovered about,
And life flowed in, as life ebbed out,
And his soul went up we need not doubt,
To rest in his Father's heaven.

## PROGRESS IN POLITICS.

We have not much confidence in any Democratic party, as such, that we know of, but we have great confidence in the principles of a true Democracy; and while we might possibly start several logical and metaphysical objections to some things in Gov. Johnson's inaugural address, we nevertheless highly approve the general ideas and essential spirit of the subjoined extracts, and thank our correspondent for communicating them to the TELEGRAPH.—ED.

NASHVILLE, *August* 9, 1855.

S. B. BRITTAN ESQ.

*Dear Sir*.—I beg leave to call your attention to the following paragraphs from the inaugural address of Gov. Johnson, delivered before the Legislature of Tennessee, two years ago. They embody, the fundamental ideas of Spiritualism, and mark the *progressive* tendencies of Gov. J.'s mind. It is but just to the Governor to state that he is no Spiritualist in the technical sense of that word; he has never given the subject, in its external manifestations, an investigation, but he is a free, liberal-minded man, and he would not hesitate to give his adhesion to this, or to any other form of *truth*, provided it was demonstrated to his understanding. Very respectfully yours,

M. C. C. C.

It is not wonderful that the aristocrats of Europe and America should tremble in view of the predicted triumph of a doctrine at war with all their cherished maxims of government and philosophy, and it is not wonderful that they should be lavish in their denunciations of an American statesman who dared to announce it as the foundation of his political faith. The absolutists of the world, whether they have borne monarchical or republican names, have boldly and impiously assumed that man was made for government—that the masses were created to occupy the position of serfs, and that the few were ordained by the Almighty to hold the offices and play the tyrant. Gov. Johnson has said precisely what ought to have been said by American statesmen that lived before him, and done what ought to have been done by them It is a shame that there should be any at this late day bearing the name of Democrat, afraid to acknowledge the *divinity of man*—afraid to assent to the correctness of the doctrine of our infinite susceptibility of improvement—afraid to admit that Democracy is destined, under Providence, to prove the great agent of the political redemption of the world—afraid to trust, under all circumstances and at all times, the uncorrupted and incorruptible masses of mankind. We are glad to be privileged to present to our readers the following beautiful passages from the address to which we have alluded:

"If there are divisions of the Democratic party, I claim to belong to that division of it which will stand firmly by the combined and recorded judgment of the people, until changed or modified by them; and which will, if it has the power, carry industry, economy, reform and rigid responsibility into every department of the Government. I belong to that division of Democracy proper, which is progressive, not in violation of, but in conformity with the laws and the Constitution, and which holds that man is capable, when it *becomes necessary*, of altering or amending the law and the Constitution so as to conform to his advanced and constantly advancing social and intellectual condition. I am well aware that there are some whose fears are easily aroused, and who become greatly alarmed whenever there is a proposition to change the organic law either of the States or General Government, which, I apprehend, proceeds from a want of confidence, on their part, in the integrity and capacity of the people to govern themselves. To all who entertain such fears, I will most respectfully say that I entertain none, and with due deference to their fears and opinions, will ask the question: If man is not capable, and is not to be trusted with the government of himself, is he to be trusted with the government of others? Who, then, will govern? The answer must be, Man—for we have no angels, in the shape of men, as yet, who are willing to take charge of our political affairs. Man is not perfect, it is true, but we all hope he is approximating perfection, and that he will, in the progress of time, reach this grand and most important end in all human affairs.

"I have not deemed it improper, nor out of place, on this occasion, to make a single allusion to the young men of our country. Many of them, while at our academies and colleges, and when in the study of their professions, imperceptibly imbibe notions prejudicial to Democracy. Their wealth, and too frequently their preceptors—many of whom are bigoted and supercilious on account of their literary attainments, and assumed superior information on most subjects—inspire their students with false ideas of their own superiority, mixed with a superabundance of self-esteem, which causes them to feel that the great mass of mankind were intended by their Creator to be "hewers of wood and drawers of water;" that it is in this government, as in olden Rome, between the Puritans and the Plebeians; where, in fact, the people never enjoyed, for one moment, that pure liberty and freedom of thought and of action which is enjoyed by the people of the United States. To this class of our young men I have a few remarks to make, in reference to the great principles of Democracy, the scope and design of which, I greatly fear, they have as yet wholly failed to comprehend, and if comprehended, not duly appreciated. And, in doing so, I do not intend on this occasion, to enter into any analytical or metaphysical disquisition upon the great principles of Democracy.

"At present I shall content myself by assuming, and taking it as a conceded fact, that *Democracy*, or man's capability to govern himself, is a *principle that exists*; that it is *inherent* in the very nature of man; that it is that ingredient in the compound called man, which enables him to determine between right and wrong, in all political affairs. In this principle, called Democracy, consists his capability of self-government. It is that which enables him to reason correctly, and to lift himself above all animal creation. It is this principle that constitutes the intelligence of man; or, in other words, it is that in Man, which partakes most highly of the nature and character of Him in whose image he is made—which I term the *Divinity of Man*. And in proportion as this Divinity is enlarged, the Man becomes more and more capable of self-government, and still more elevated in his character. I will also assume, what I know none will venture in reason to deny, *that this Divinity of Man can be enlarged*, and that man can become more God like than he is. It is the business of the Democratic party to progress in the work of increasing this principle of Divinity, or Democracy, and thereby elevate and make man more perfect. I hold that the Democratic party proper, of the whole world, and especially that of the United States, has undertaken the *political redemption of man*, and sooner or later, the great work will be accomplished. In the political world, it corresponds to that of Christianity in the moral. They are going along, not in divergents nor in parallels, but in converging lines—the one purifying and elevating man religiously, the other politically. Democracy progressive, corresponds also to the Church Militant; both fighting against error—one in the moral, the other in the political field. At what period of time they will have finished the work of progress and elevation, is not now for me to determine; but when finished these two lines will have approximated each other—man being perfected, both in a religious and a political point of view. At this point it is that the Church Militant will give way and cease to exist, and the Church Triumphant begin; at the same point, Democracy progressive will give way and cease to exist, and Theocracy begin.

"The divinity of man being now fully developed, it may be confidently and exultingly asserted that the *voice of the people is the voice of God*; and let proclamation be made that the millennian morning has dawned, and that the time has come when the lion and the lamb shall lie down together; when the 'voice of the turtle' shall be heard in our land;' when 'the sucking child shall play upon the hole of the asp,' and 'the weaned child put its hand upon the cockatrice's den,' and the glad tidings shall be proclaimed throughout the land, of man's political and religious redemption, and that there is on earth peace, good will toward men."

"It will be readily perceived by all discerning young men, that Democracy is a ladder, corresponding in politics to the one which Jacob saw in his spiritual vision—one up which all, in proportion to their merit, may ascend. While it extends to the humblest of all created beings on earth below, it reaches to God on high; and it would seem that the class of young men to which I have alluded might find a position somewhere between the lower and upper extremes of this ladder, commensurate, at least, with their virtue and merit, if not equal to their inflated ambition, which they could occupy with honor to themselves and advantage to their country."

## FACTS AND OPINIONS IN SEYMOUR, CONN.

SEYMOUR, CONN., *August* 11, 1855.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

If the facts hereinafter stated are deemed of sufficient interest, please give place to them in the TELEGRAPH. Although such facts may not be deemed positive proofs of the reality of Spirit-intercourse, yet to my mind they are strongly corroborative; for if these strange warnings and whisperings which occasionally greet our ears, emanate not from the unseen world, from *whence* and from *whom* do they come? But to the facts.

Not long since a man named Naylor, employed in one of our manufactories, was engaged in adjusting some machinery connected with the water-wheel. He had been at work but a short time when he suddenly stopped, and turning to an attendant remarked that, if he should be killed there by the wheel, it would take six men to carry him out. In a few minutes he made a misstep, fell on the wheel, and was so badly crushed that it required *six* men to carry home his remains.

One of my neighbors was, a few months since, afflicted with an acute inflammation of the eyes. She had tried a great many remedies, but to no purpose. One night she was awakened from her sleep by a voice, which said to her, "Put ice upon your eyes and they will get well." She paid no attention to the "prescription" until it had been given her in like manner for the third time, when she concluded to give it a trial. The result was a speedy and perfect cure. Query—Was this all a dream? If so, it was certainly a very persistent one, and, for the patient, very fortunate.

Viewed in a spiritual *light*, this region may be considered very *dark*, literally one of "the dark corners of the earth," for, with the exception of your humble servant, I believe there is not in the whole region round about us a single soul that dare utter a word in reference to modern Spiritualism, except to condemn it as a humbug, etc. And yet I can not help thinking that some progress has been made. There seems to be a strong under-current at work, silently but surely undermining the foundations of the citadel of error. As an instance of this take the following: Not long since one of our most *intensely* orthodox divines declared from his pulpit that he considered it not unreasonable to suppose that the Spirits of the departed might be often with us, hovering around our firesides, and interesting themselves in our welfare; and, furthermore, that heaven, after all, might not be *very far off*—perhaps right in our midst, etc., etc. The reverend gentleman called on me next day, and asked what I thought of his sermon? I replied that I thought him very inconsistent in decrying through the week as a "humbug and a lie" what on the Sabbath he proclaimed *probable* and *true*; that he was in reality "not far from the kingdom," and that he had but to go a *little* step further, viz., give the Spirits who surround us power to converse with mortals, as in days of yore, and we would take him into full communion with us.

Another Congregational minister recently "confessed" to me that he considered A. J. Davis a very remarkable man, and that very many of his writings did credit to his head and to his heart; that he himself had felt a great desire to investigate the spiritual mystery—should be inclined to believe in it if he saw any good growing out of it, etc., etc. All this he said to me privately and *sotto voce*; but of course you, dessrs. Editors, will say nothing about it, so I venture to mention it. Poor fellow, what a fix he is in! Thinks he has a soul of his own, but dare not for the world say so, for fear of the holy inquisition which controls his bread and butter. Reader, don't you pity him?

Speaking of the good which Spiritualism has accomplished, I can speak experimentally in its favor; for it has raised me from a state of mind little better than downright infidelity to that of a glowing and unwavering belief in a life immortal, beyond the tomb. And I suppose that I am but one of hundreds of thousands who have been benefited likewise. If this is "doing no good," where is the importance of all this fuss about supporting missionaries and the Gospel ministry? etc. But I fear that I have already been too talkative, so I will close.

Very truly yours, J. W. STORRS.

## MIRACLE CURES

BY DR. A. G. FELLOWS, OF ALBION, NEW YORK.

While lecturing and visiting in Albion and vicinity, I became intimately acquainted with Dr. A. G. Fellows; and having heard much in regard to the wonders he had performed as a healing medium, I took pains to learn how far he had been correctly reported. I found that the most startling reports had not been exaggerated. Dr. F. claims nothing, pretends nothing for himself. He owns himself as the passive instrument through which the invisibles operate, without any direct will of his own. He has had no selfish interests to subserve; has demanded no fees, though he has sacrificed much; has often been compelled to leave his dental profession, to answer the calls of visitors pouring in from all the region round about, beseeching his aid. He has often gone from ten to fifty miles out of town, without any charge either for his time or labor. Within the last few months he has had more than a thousand patients, most of whom have been benefited, and many of them instantaneously cured of diseases standing for years. He seldom prescribes any but the very simplest medicines; in most instances curing by the simple apostolic process of the laying on of hands, or bidding the patient arise and be whole. He operates rapidly; sees the disease at a glance, and invariably assumes a devout attitude, invoking divine and spiritual aid with the most child-like faith and trust, often bursting out in tears and sobs of sympathy. His soul overflows with a noble and generous compassion for humanity, and he devotes himself with an ardor of the most holy and earnest character.

I specify only a few well-authenticated cases of cures, holding myself responsible for names, dates, and all the particulars.

A young man on a canal-boat at Hulberton, had all the violent and alarming symptoms of cholera; was utterly prostrate in convulsions of agony, and hopeless of life. Dr. Fellows was hurriedly called; he touched the man, bade him arise whole; and he arose, went on deck, and from that hour was restored. The Doctor was with him not more than ten minutes.

Another young man had been subjected to severe fits for years. After an interview of less than half an hour, the fits returned no more, and have not to this day, after several months have elapsed.

A lady, prostrate and helpless with consumption, in a few moments was made to arise and walk; and though her lungs were too far gone to be restored, she was sustained in a cheerful and happy frame of mind, till she dropped off like one lulled to pleasant slumber.

A young man, one of whose lungs had become partly decayed, in a few weeks was made whole; and one day last week, the young man himself told me he cradled nearly four acres of wheat in less than twelve hours!

A young lady, inheriting insanity from her mother, who has been hopelessly deranged many years, came to Dr. Fellows, and after a brief interview, she grew wholly calm and rational, and has had no alarming symptoms since!

Numerous cases of an equally remarkable character might be added; but these are sufficient at present. Let skeptics and believers in the parallel miracles of the Bible meet these and other well-attested facts known all over the country. P. C.

## THE HUMAN HEART.

BY J. S. FELTON.

The heart, the heart, the human heart,
How would we horror stricken start,
Its cells thrown open, could we see
The windings of iniquity;
The latent sins, the secret cares,
Engraved in burning characters;
And misery's envenomed sting,
The life-streams slowly poisoning!

Oh! could we see unmasked by art,
The dark recesses of the heart—
The springs of guilt, the anguish keen,
Behind each smooth, art-woven screen,
The passions, appetites that hide
Behind the vail of shame and pride—
What fearful deeds of crime would leap,
From out the heart-cells dark and deep!

The eyes may seeming love impart,
While hatred rankles in the heart;
The tongue may seeming truth make known,
While falsehood makes the heart his throne;
The lips may wear an angel's smile,
While in the heart satanic guile;
And every feature may beloken
Joy, though the fount has long been broken.

If what we daily hear and see
Of outrage, wrong and calumny,
The Spirit grieves—oh, how much more
Would we the power of vice deplore,
If we into the heart could look,
And read it like an open book!
Not all the gifts of Fame and Art,
Are worth one pure and loving heart.

ST. LOUIS, *July* 29, 1855.

## A VISION.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

The subjoined account of a vision is offered for insertion in the TELEGRAPH. The medium impressed by it is Miss Emma Jane Kipp, residing in Sand-street, Brooklyn. The vision was seen during one of the sittings of our Sunday morning public circles, at the Brooklyn Institute, and was apparently intended to illustrate and enforce the lessons given on that occasion through speaking mediums, who had addressed the circle. Miss Kipp is also a writing and speaking medium, and gives promise of future usefulness in imparting wisdom and consolation from superior spheres: T. T.

I saw extended before my mental vision an immense colonnade of polystyle, whose columns appeared connected with an infinite number of arches of various sizes. Toward the center, where my gaze was directed, the arches appeared to rise in one vast dome, of a greater light and more aerial texture than the others. Below them flowed a huge tide of waters, foaming and dashing, sometimes with great violence, upon some of the columns; while in approaching others the fury of the waves would seem to abate, and break with a pleasing motion upon them. Toward the dome the waters appeared to cease their rage and become hushed. I could observe but a few rippling waves in this vicinity, for there appeared to rest a beautiful light upon the placid surface of the deep. From that high, transparent dome, there appeared to be emitted rays of light, whose brilliance floated and sparkled upon the surface of the serene waters that rested beneath; and around the columns situated within this light were wound vines that rose upward, and spread over the arches. Small tendrils could be observed shooting upward, and pointing by their faint outlines toward the center of that high dome, and interspersed amid these, exotic plants, blooming and giving forth their fragrance to the surrounding air. The remaining columns appeared darkened by their covering. The rays of light seemed to rest upon them, but the material of which they were composed appeared the same; still a darkness hovered near them, causing them to be nearly opaque, so that but little light could be admitted through them—consequently I could not observe whether they too were covered with the beautiful vines or not. From each of the arches extended small fibers upward, and appeared linked to some aerial material overspreading the whole, too far beyond my vision to be described.

The impression flowing through my mind is, that this is a symbolic representation of the position of Spiritualism. The waters connected with it appear as the vast tide of public opinion, swaying with its united forces the world, while on its surface float the tumultuous waves of dissension. The colum s represent individuals; the arches the various combinations of mind; the rays of light the bursting of celestial wisdom upon us; and do not the waves of dissension cease when meeting the light of superual counsel?

When seeds of thought are rightly nurtured, the plant of wisdom grows; so, when the refreshing light falls, the exotic vine blooms and spreads over the mind's arch, clothing it in robes of beauty. These blossoms are presented to me as the impressions we receive from time to time, and when these are breathed forth to others, their fragrance is experienced by them also. Those tendrils represent the high aspirations produced by the growth of wisdom, and those fibrous links, extending from the arches upward, and stretched to some more ethereal substance pervading space, present to my mind's view the connection of spirit to that Omniscient One, the Great First Cause.

## DISCUSSIONS AT NEW PHILADELPHIA, O.

NEW PHILADELPHIA, OHIO, *August* 7, 1855.

MR. EDITOR:—We presume a few lines will not be amiss, to let you know the progress of the cause in this region. Within the past week we were favored with a visit from Mr. B. F. Wilson, of Cleveland, whose appearance has excited considerable attention in this community, numbering a few advocates, and many opposers, of Spiritualism. It was on Tuesday last, that he arrived, but so late as to make it inexpedient to convene an audience before evening of the following day. The appointed time came; not having room elsewhere, Mr. Wilson mounted a store box on the corner of the public square, and there in thrilling eloquence pleaded the cause of truth, under no ceiling but the dome of nature's own capacious tabernacle. He ably showed the connection between ancient and modern Spiritualism, and gave the sickening dose to our orthodox brethren, that the two must *stand or fall together*.

The next evening he addressed us in the Court-house, and in the same place, again on Friday evening; when the Rev. J. Lake, who is traveling with a one-horse exhibition through the country, arose and requested permission to speak in reply to Mr. Wilson. It being granted him, he ascended the rostrum, and harangued the audience with some of that kind of remarks which would invariably set him down in the minds of intelligent men as one of that class calculated to please the fickle by witticism rather than to *instruct* from depths of erudition. Especially did he show his arrogance in rejecting as spurious, the account given by Mr. Wilson of the manifestations at Mr. Koons's room at Athens. Although he had not been there, he was willing, he said, to put down fifty dollars with our lecturer, in the hands of some *honest person*, and if the Spirit-hand could be made to appear in the presence of two persons who were not Spiritualists beside himself, he would forfeit his right to the amount deposited.

After saying that he could, if he wished, precipitate Mr. Wilson from the sublime height to which he had so eloquently soared, and after comparing him in his imagined fall to the fallen angels of Milton's fable, he wound up by telling the audience that he would on the next evening expose the fallacy of Spiritualism by some interesting experiments in the Center Hall. And now, to the no small astonishment as well as disappointment of the reverend priest, Mr. Joseph Mathews, a respectable elderly gentleman of undoubted veracity, arose and corroborated the statements of the lecturer, by declaring to the ladies and gentlemen present that he had been an eye-witness to the performances in Mr. Koons's room. Mr. Wilson then told Rev. Mr. Lake, if he would go down to Athens himself, he would trust to his honesty, and if he did not see the hand appear in a stay of a week's length, he would give him five dollars per day for his time, and pay his expenses besides, for which he would make himself liable to a prosecution in court, provided he did not pay as agreed upon. Soon after, offers of five hundred dollars were presented to the gentlemen to go down, who, it appears, *did not accept*.

On Saturday evening, Mr. Lake exhibited his show with an admittance fee of fifteen cents, and by some electrical machinery, exposed, as he thought, the "rappings." At the same time brother Wilson pronounced us a good lecture in the Court-house. At the request of some of the citizens, the two parties met at the Court-room on Sunday, four o'clock, P. M., and discussed the following proposition: "Resolved, that the phenomena known as spiritual manifestations are the productions of disembodied Spirits." Mr. Wilson affirming and Mr. Lake denying. The affirmative then opened the discussion, by presenting an array of invincible facts, showing the existence of an intelligent principle beyond the medium or any member of the circle, and again spoke of the manifestations interspersed throughout the Bible as synonymous with the modern phenomena. The negative ridiculed the subject, by stating facts which occured within the sphere of his own observation, attributed to Spirits, but which were mainly referable to trickery. He vainly tried to offset the facts presented, concerning the physical movement of ponderable bodies without visible contact, by relating a story of a crazy man, who thought his throat was cut from ear to ear, and healed up in one night, with a cart load of other nonsense. Mr. Wilson continued to insist, that if this sort of refuse stuff, which the bigoted priest had been spouting, would do to explain away these mysteries, his dear old Bible must receive an equally stunning blow by the rejection of human testimony. This *most* important issue was shamefully evaded by the negative. In the evening, priest Lake not opposing, Mr. Wilson made his concluding address upon the Spiritual philosophy, and satisfactorily considered the question of the *Use of Spiritualism*, and gave the horrible dogma of *endless damnation* a severe criticism.

Yesterday morning he took his leave for Cleveland. May success ever attend him in his earnest endeavor to scatter the seeds of *heaven-born truth*. From his short sojourn here, and the effects of his efforts in exciting investigation, we have another verification of the adage, "truth is stranger than fiction."

Yours truly, CHAS. I. KENNELY.

## MIND AND SPIRIT.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

So far as my observation extends, I have found that those investigators of spiritual phenomena, who confined themselves at first to learning whether Spirits did in reality do all the strange things witnessed in what are termed physical manifestations—adjourning for the time the other branch of the question, "what kind of Spirits are they?"—have landed in an entire conviction of the reality of Spirit-action—while those who blended the two branches, and when themselves skeptical as to Spirits acting, sought for disclosures or explanations of great scientific, philosophical, and theological principles—have rarely been able to get to any satisfactory conclusion, though many are so confounded with the evidence that they can not absolutely disbelieve longer. As stated by a gentleman at your Conference, "the besetting sin" of Spiritualists is asking for explanations of subjects which, if given by angels, would exceed our capacity fully to comprehend and appreciate. This is our own fault, while Spiritualism bears the consequences of it. Take the subject of the nature of mind, for instance. Some desire "spelled out" such a full exposition of its constituent nature, relations, etc., that we can mentally see it as it is when reading the communication; and it is the weakness of some of our *seers* that they assume to comprehend its general nature and make their theories of it the standard by which we are to be guided in our investigation of phenomena.

There are some facts observable to all, which the theorist should consider. For instance, the philanthropist, when meditating on his past life, calls up, in memory, various good acts done, and tracing their influence on others as he has seen or learned their consequence, perceives therein how much he has thereby aided others as well as himself. Such meditations fill his spirit with great joy. Will it not be freely admitted that in such cases the intellectual mind is acted on by the spirit, or is itself acting in harmony with the spirit? In either case, however, the mind and the spirit are distinct existences, not identical or one.

The libertine, meditating on his past life, calls up in memory scenes experienced wherein his own animal passions, etc., were greatly gratified, and he lives over for the time the gratifications of the past. Does not the mind in his case act under the influence of, or else in harmony with, his animal nature? And in either case is it not distinct as an entity? Then is not mind a distinct, individualized entity, acting with or acted upon by either our spiritual or our animal individuality? and does it not indicate that it is the connecting link between spirit and matter, taking of either and of each more or less influence as the one or the other preponderates in acting thereon. S.

## FROM MOSS'S SPIRIT ROOM.

ROSS CO., O., *August* 10, 1855.

BROTHERS PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

As an instance of the *intelligence* of the invisible power that produces the wonderful manifestations at this room, I present you the truthful account which follows:

Mr. B., of this immediate vicinity, in regard to the spiritual origin of the manifestations, is skeptical in the extreme. His skepticism, like that of many others, is hardened and rendered impervious to the shafts of truth by his gross ignorance of the philosophy or immutable laws that lie at the foundation of, and control, the manifestations.

Unable to see through the mystery of the *dark* Spirit-room manifestations with his spiritual perceptions, because of an absence of the light of wisdom, he ingeniously concluded that he would supply himself with a substitute for this great light which *should* lighten every man that cometh into the world. So he accordingly supplied himself with a dark lantern, and attended the room for the purpose of throwing a strong material light, suddenly, and unawares, upon the subject. But as his courage, or something else, failed him to the trying hour, his lamp remained unopened, the room unilluminated, and "the subject" as dark as ever. Mr. B. sagely concluded that his own want of courage, or the *something* else, like the light, might be supplied from another source, and revealed his secret to Mr. M. for the purpose of getting him to open and throw out its light at the proper time.

Mr. M., being pleased with the idea, readily acceded to the proposition implied above, accepted the lantern, and kept it about him for the purpose indicated. Mr. M. was not subject to refusal of admission into the Spirit-room ere his conspiracy with B., for he was admitted often. He came, with his concealed lantern, five nights, and each night asked for admission in vain; for the invisible powers that preside over the room decided that he should not come in.

Mr. M., becoming weary of his rejections, determined that he would put away his lantern, and ask for admission without it. He did so, and was readily admitted the first application. A Spirit, directly after his entrance into the room, spoke audibly to him through a trumpet, and told him to ask questions. M., for a *test* (knowing that no one in the room was acquainted with the circumstance), asked why he had been kept out of the room the last five nights of his application. The invisible quickly replied, through the trumpet, by saying: "Because you conspired with Mr. B. to open a dark lantern in this room, and we were determined you should not do so." To the surprise of the company, M. declared what the Spirit had said to be true, and gave a confession of the lantern project, the substance of which is recorded above. What was this but an intelligent power and a discerner of thoughts and motives! For the Spirits, yours,

JAS. M. KELLOGG.

## SPIRITUALISM AND ORTHODOXY.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

We have it thrown into our faces very often that Spiritualism does no good. I ask all such persons whether they can say that it does not as much good as any religious organization on earth, notwithstanding the amount of rubbish which Spiritualists are under the necessity of removing? Now I ass rt, without the fear of contradiction that there is not a priest in the United States, of the orthodox kind, that does his duty as Christ has pointed out in the New Testament. Compare them as a body with Christ's disciples, and you will find that they fall short on the score of morality, to say nothing of Christianity. A Christian is a true follower of Christ. Now I would ask them, whether they consider themselves such? Does not Christ say, If ye follow my commands, not only the works that I do shall ye do, but also greater works than these? Now I would ask, how many of the priests of this day can cast out devils, heal the sick, open the eyes of the blind, unstop the ears of the deaf, and cause the lame and halt to leap with joy? I answer, not one!

But Spirits, through us poor mortals, can do all the above, and more too; but, after all, in the eyes of the self righteous they do no good! I would to God that every priest in the land would open his eyes and live up to his calling, as it is in Christ Jesus, and not be a stumbling-block for others to fall over into a darkness that it will take more than a century to extricate themselves from, after they leave this body, and enter the spiritual state. I hold that any man that will delude another into a temporal danger, is a demon in human shape. What, then, can you call a man who will lead another into spiritual darkness?

MORRIS, OTSEGO CO., N. Y. A SPIRITUALIST.

### Recommencement of Lectures in Brooklyn.

Miss E. E. Gibson, a speaking medium from the East, will lecture at the Brooklyn Institute, Sunday afternoon next, at half-past three o'clock. Public conference every Wednesday evening. Seats free.

# Interesting Miscellany.

## THE MIGHT OF TRUTH.

From out the little fountains
 There swells the mighty tide,
Upon whose broad elastic back
 The broods of commerce ride;
And on the winged tempest
 A little seed there flies,
Whose roots strike deep—whose giant arms
 Reach upward to the skies.
And so the little slighted truth,
 At length more mighty grown,
Shall fill the nations with its power,
 And make the world its own.

There is a flower, when trampled on,
 Doth still more richly bloom—
And even to its bitterest foe
 Gives forth its sweet perfume;
The rose that's crushed and shattered,
 Doth on the breeze bestow
A fairer scent, that farther goes
 E'en for the cruel blow.
And so truth's crushed and trampled flower,
 By injury stronger grown,
Shall win its very foes to love,
 And make the world its own.

O! Truth's fair flower is fanned by sighs,
 And nourished by the tears
That on the dungeon's stony floor
 Have rained for weary years.
And from the cross and fiery stake
 The streams of blood that pour,
Have scattered wide its living seeds
 To earth's remotest shore.
And thus the scorned and hated Truth,
 By injury mightier grown,
Shall fill the nations with its power,
 And make the world its own.

The man rejected and despised
 Is worshiped and adored—
The felon, scorned and crucified,
 Becomes a glorious God!
And bright with gold that blood stained-cross,
 The emblem once of shame,
Raised high above all human signs,
 Exalts his blessed name.
And thus the Truth—the hated Truth,
 Each day still mightier grown,
Doth move the nations by its power,
 And make the world its own.

RICHARDSON.

## AFRICAN IDEAS OF DEATH.

Death, the much-dreaded enemy of our race, is looked upon with horror by the heathen of Africa. "Through fear of death," they are, in the language of the Apostles, "all their lifetime subject to bondage." Though they believe in a future state of existence, and have no fear of a coming judgment, they look forward with the greatest horror to the termination of their earthly existence. All through life their greatest anxiety is to protect themselves against the machinations of witchcraft, which they believe to be the cause of most of the deaths which occur. To ward off the deadly influence of witches, they surround themselves with gree-grees and charms. They studiously avoid traveling at night, when these dreaded foes are supposed to be abroad; and they endeavor, also, to keep, as much as possible, out of sight of persons with whom they may have quarreled, believing they will try to revenge themselves by witchcraft. So great is their dread of making enemies, that they will give away a portion of their earnings to any who may chance to beg them; fearing, if refused, they will, to use their own language, "make witch for them."

When any one becomes very sick, he immediately imagines that some witch has power over him, and in order to get away from its influence, leaves home and secretes himself in the house of a friend until he recovers.

When death visits a family, the air resounds with the lamentations of the survivors. If he be a man of wealth, a great display is made of his treasures, and large quantities of powder are consumed in his funeral honors: the rum bottle passes freely around; speeches are made to the departed one, and messages are sent by him to his friends in the Spirit-world; the drum is beat, dances and mock battles are performed around the body, and all present seem possessed of a spirit of recklessness and defiance.

After the last honors are paid to the corpse, they proceed to find the enemy who has caused the death. Soon suspicion rests upon some unfortunate individual; a devil-doctor is consulted, and the poor wretch is forced to pass through the dreadful ordeal of sassa wood, at the imminent risk of his life. One death is commonly the signal for another. —*Colonization Journal.*

## DYING WORDS OF NOTED PERSONS.

"A death-bed's a detector of the heart;
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene;
Here real and apparent are the same."

"Head of the army."—Napoleon.
"I must sleep now."—Byron.
"It matters little how the head lieth."—Sir Walter Raleigh.
"Kiss me, Hardy."—Lord Nelson.
"Don't give up the ship."—Lawrence.
"I'm shot if I don't believe I'm dying."—Chancellor Thurlow.
"Is this your fidelity?"—Nero.
"Clasp my hand, my dear friend, I die."—Alfieri.
"Give Dayrolles a chair."—Lord Chesterfield.
"God preserve the Emperor."—Hayden.
"The artery ceases to beat."—Haller.
"Let the light enter."—Goethe.
"All my possessions for a moment of time."—Queen Elizabeth.
"What! is there no bribing death?"—Cardinal Beaufort.
"I have loved God, my father and liberty."—Madame de Stael.
"Be serious."—Grotius.
"Into thy hands, O Lord."—Tasso.
"It is small, very small indeed," (clasping her wrist.)—Anne Boleyn.
"I pray you, see me safe up, and as for my coming down, let me shift for myself," (ascending the scaffold.)—Sir Thomas Moore.
"Don't let the awkward squad fire over my grave."—Robert Burns.
"I feel as if I were to be myself again."—Sir Walter Scott.
"I resign my soul to God, and my daughter to my country."—Jefferson.
"It is well."—Washington.
"Independence forever."—Adams.
"It is the last of earth, I am content."—John Q. Adams.
"I wish you to understand the true principles of the government. I wish them carried out. I ask no more."—Harrison.
"I have endeavored to do my duty."—Taylor.
"There is not a drop of blood on my hands."—Frederick V., of Denmark.
"Let me hear once more those notes which have been my solace and delight."—Mozart.
"A dying man can do nothing easy."—Franklin.
"Let not poor Nelly starve."—Charles II.
"Refresh me with a great thought."—Herder.
"I feel the daisies growing over me."—Keats.
"Let me die to the sounds of delicious music."—Mirabeau.

Homes.—We always look upon our houses as mere temporary lodgings. We are always hoping to get larger and finer ones, or are forced, in some way or other, to live where we do not choose, and in continual expectation of changing our place of abode. In the present state of society, this is in a great measure unavoidable; but let us remember it is an *evil*, and that so far as it is avoidable it becomes our duty to check the impulse. . . . It is surely a subject for serious thought, whether it might not be better for many of us, if, in attaining a certain position in life, we determined, with God's permission, to choose a house in which to live and die—a home not to be increased by adding stone to stone and field to field, but which, being enough for our wishes at that period, we should resolve to be satisfied with forever. Consider this; and also, whether we ought not to be more in the habit of seeking honor from our descendants than our ancestors; thinking it better to be nobly remembered than nobly born; and striving so to live, that our sons and our sons' sons, for ages to come, might still lead their children reverently to the doors out of which we had been carried to the grave, saying, "Look, this was his house; this was his chamber."—*Ruskin.*

Woman's True Beauty.—It is a low and degrading idea of that sex which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation! . . . Colors artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities, may be now allowed still to amuse, as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty. When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the Angel the impression he felt upon seeing her at first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features, but by the lustre of her mind, which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming:

"Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love."

## DISCUSSION IS THE TOUCHSTONE OF TRUTH.

A BASKET MEETING.
GRAND RALLY OF REFORMERS.

A meeting of those who agitate the reforms of the age will be held in the Grove, near the town of Milton, Wayne county, Indiana, commencing on Friday, the 31st day of August, 1855, and continue for three days. All who feel an interest in the *progression* of this age, "and the rest of mankind," are invited to attend. Several distinguished speakers have accepted invitations to be present. Mrs. Britt, of St. Louis, Mo.; Henry B. and Lucy Stone Blackwell, of Cincinnati, O.; and Warren Chase, of Michigan, have been invited, from whom we expect to receive answers in a few days. If there are any speaking mediums, or lecturers on Spiritualism about New York who would like to visit central Indiana this fall, we invite them to come now, for certainly there is no place where their labors are more needed than here.

HENRY HIATT,
WM. M'LAUGHLIN,
CHRISTOPHER WILSON,
Committee.

## TO THE PATRONS OF THIS PAPER.

The Spiritual Telegraph is published weekly at $2 per annum, or $1 for six months, payable in advance. It is our custom to notify our patrons of the time when their subscriptions terminate, and if they are not renewed, the paper is discontinued. We beg our friends not to deem it abrupt or unkind in us if the paper is discontinued, since our mailing clerk keeps the books in accordance with the general system we have adopted, and can exercise no discretion. The proprietors never know, except by chance, when a subscription expires or a paper is discontinued.

To our City subscribers.—We purpose in future to deliver this paper to city subscribers through the regular mail, which can be done for one cent per copy, if the subscriber *prepays* the postage at this Office. The price of the paper and delivery will be $2 50, and the subscriber must take the risk of the faithful performance of duty, so far as relates to the Post Office Department.

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Examinations of persons at a distance will be promptly attended to on the receipt of $5 00, and a lock of hair, or other relic, with name and the residence of the patient. Rooms No. 5 Morgan-street, between Race and Vine. Address, S. B. JOHNSON, Box 1303, Philadelphia, Pa. 3ms

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Mrs. Kellogg will hold circles for Spiritual Intercourse daily, from 9 to 12 a. m., 2 to 5, and from 7 to 9 p. m. No sittings on Sundays, nor after 12 on Wednesdays.

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## SPECIAL NOTICES.

### DR. G. T. DEXTER,

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The subscriber has had twenty years' experience as a Solicitor for American and European patents, and feels himself qualified to take charge of any business of that nature. The obtaining a patent can be done by correspondence, and does not require the inventor to visit the city. Terms moderate.

166 OWEN G. WARREN, Architect, 251 Broadway, corner of Murray-st.

### EDUCATION.

Young Ladies Institute, south-east corner of Ninth and Spring Garden streets, will re-open the third day of September. The school and classrooms are spacious, well-ventilated, and handsomely furnished. The course of instruction is extensive and thorough, having been matured during several years of successful teaching. A French lady residing in the family will aid in imparting a correct knowledge of the French language by conversation, etc. A limited number of boarding pupils will be admitted into the family. For references, terms, etc., address Misses Bush, No. 237 Arch-street, Philadelphia. 172 tf

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